

## **Musical Love Letter by RaduIsSatansNumOne**

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**Summary:**

Jonathan uses ordinary way to confess his love, Steve is more creative this time.

## Musical Love Letter

### Author's Note:

- For [blazeinthedark](#).

Jonathan was sitting in class trying to concentrate on teacher's voice, but he just couldn't do it. On the desk before him laid an empty paper just waiting for him to start writing. And he just couldn't resist the urge to write down all the things he felt. What he felt to Nancy, to his bullies, his *friends* and especially to Steve.

Oh, what Steve did to him. The dark haired devil was everywhere; at least that's what Jonathan thought. When he walked through school halls, Steve was there. When he needed something from the library, Steve was there. When he tried to develop photos, Steve peeked inside the dark room and chatted with Jonathan for a bit. It was like Steve was stalking him or something.

Jonathan took a pen in his hand and just started writing.

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Steve.

This is the fifth time I am writing this to you. The first four times I didn't have the courage to give it to you and if I know myself well, *which I hope I do*, I won't give you this one either. But that's not the point.

I was thinking about Nancy for a while. You know, we spend a lot of time together now after the thing with monster hunting. I know you two broke up. Every time I ask Nancy about you, well, especially about the break up, she doesn't want to tell me why you two broke up. She says that you just didn't get along well or something. But that is not exactly true, is it? If you didn't get along, why'd you be together for so long?

I don't think you two broke up because you didn't get along; I think it's because you might be, don't be angry please, gay. Or at least

bisexual. Am I right? Oh god, how I wish that was true! I wish I was right about this.

Steve, I think you already know what I am trying to write. I think you already realized that there is no reason for you to be jealous when I spend time with Nancy. She is really nice girl, that's true, but she's not for me. What I am trying to say, I don't *swing* that way.

Steve, I am gay. And I am madly in love with you.

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Jonathan was making his way through the school hall with the stupid love letter in his hand trying to avoid eye contact. Oh how he hated these people! And just now, now when he needed to be at least a little bit alone, they were everywhere.

When he finally made it to his locker someone bumped into him. He fell on the cold hard ground. "Oh fuck," he whispered as the letter he was holding onto so hard just flew into air and fell right before someone's feet. Jonathan slowly looked up to meet the person's eyes. "Oh shit," he whispered again. In a split second he was standing again. He reached for the letter, but Steve was quicker. He opened the piece of paper and started reading. *Loudly.*

"Steve," he parodied Jonathan's voice. "This is the fifth time I am writing this to you..."

Jonathan wasn't stupid, or at least not enough stupid to wait until Steve finishes reading the love confession. He just cut and ran to the nearest restroom.

He slammed the stall door behind him and sat on the ground. He hugged his knees so they almost touched his chin. The first tear started to slowly run down his face. He buried his face into his knees. Loud sobbing began coming from his stall.

Someone quietly opened the main door and quickly tiptoed across the restroom. "Jonathan?"

Jonathan hugged his legs even tighter and almost stopped breathing, so the other boy couldn't hear him.

“Jonathan, I know you’re here. I want to talk to you.”

“Go away,” Jonathan howled. The other boy knocked on his door. He took a deep breath.

“Please, open the door. I need to talk to you,” the other boy almost whispered, his voice shaking nervously. Jonathan wept his tears away and buried his face in his knees again. “Jonathan. I... I won’t hurt you. I just need to talk to you. It’s... it’s important.”

The moment of silence felt like at least hundred years, but in reality it couldn’t be more than half a minute. Jonathan slowly stopped sobbing, but still didn’t have the power to open the door. He couldn’t face the boy that stood behind them. Not now, *not ever again*.

“Just so you know I’m still here. And I won’t leave until you walk out of the stall,” the voice bounced off the walls so resolutely it made Jonathan think about opening the door but only for a split second. Then he buried his face into his knees once again. “Please, let me in.”

“Go away. Just leave me alone.”

Jonathan stood up the same second the other boy walked out of the restroom. Finally, he was alone. Jonathan searched his bag and found his cassette player. He put one earphone into his right ear and pressed play.

The manly voice in his ear started singing the song Jonathan usually didn’t enjoy, but not this time. This time he turned the volume up and enjoyed every second of the *anthem for broken hearts* – “Love hurts” by Nazareth.

With his music playing, tears running down his cheeks again and wobbly steps, he walked out of the restroom. As soon as he saw the dark haired boy, he did a U-turn and sprinted to his car. So what if he once skips school? Other kids did it on daily basis, so he could do it once too.

The next day he felt horrible. Steve had certainly told everyone about the love confession and everybody was just waiting for Jonathan to

come to school so they could beat him up. But when he walked into the hall, nothing happened. No one was staring, no one was whispering, no one really cared about him.

“Jonathan!” He heard voice he knew. It was Nancy with hands full of books. “Hi. I haven’t seen you there yesterday. Where were you?”

“I was... I didn’t feel well, so I went home after second lesson.”

“Oh and you alright now?” He simply nodded. “Fine. I got news to tell you!” Nancy didn’t stop speaking for at least half an hour, but Jonathan didn’t even care. He was just happy that nobody knew what really happened. “Oh and Steve is acting so weird now.”

“As if he wasn’t before,” Jonathan tried to laugh, but it came out more like a growl. “Why?”

“Yesterday he was talking about you. And then he disappeared. I haven’t seen him since.”

Nothing really happened until it was time for Jonathan to go home. He was on his way to his locker when he Jonathan bumped into Steve at school hall. This happened every other day, because Jonathan usually stopped paying attention to people around him. “Sorry,” he just whispered and tried to run away, but Steve grabbed his arm.

“Are you okay?”

“What?”

“I am asking you if you are okay.”

“I guess so,” Jonathan tried to smile but he couldn’t. His mind just didn’t let him. “I ... I, um, I need to go,” he spitted out and run away.

“Did it work?” Nancy asked Steve when he returned to the dark room. He simply smiled. “Now let’s see.”

When Jonathan arrived home, no one was there. Nothing weird; Will was still at school and mom at work.

Jonathan threw his bag at his bed and kicked his shoes across the room. When turned over to grab his cassette player, weird package caught his eyes. He quickly tore the package open. What he held in hands surprised him. It was a cassette with weird title.

### ***Dear Jonathan***

Jonathan opened his player and put the cassette inside. He immediately hit play.

The first song started playing and Jonathan settled down at his bed. It was "I just called to say I love you" by Stevie Wonder. Jonathan turned the volume up a little bit more.

Song after song was playing and Jonathan finally got it. It wasn't just a mixtape someone threw into his bag. It was a letter. Even better – a love letter.

He grabbed piece of paper with pencil and played the whole thing again. This time he wrote down name of every song.

"Dear Jonathan,

I just called to say I love you

You're the Best Thing

You're My Heart, You're My Soul

I want you

Need You Tonight

If you were here tonight

All Night Long

I Melt With You

Feels like I'm in Love

Feels Like Heaven

You Made Me Realise

It's a love thing

You Are The One

The One I Love

Every Day Is Like Sunday

Like A Prayer

Just Like Honey

It's A Sin

This Charming Man

Baby, I Love You”

Jonathan started smiling. He was right. And even more, he was happy. This was the nicest thing anyone ever gave him.

“Jonathan?” his mom knocked on his door and peeked inside. “Honey, someone here wants to see you,” she added smiling and visibly happy. Jonathan nodded as sign that the visitor can come inside. The door opened a little more and dark haired boy poke his head inside.

The whole room went silent. They were looking at each other silently asking questions without opening their mouths. “I... I just...”

“Yeah, me too,” Steve laughed. He sat down at Jonathan’s bed. “So, um, you got my tape?”

“Yeah,” Jonathan breathed out. “I... thank you.”

“And, did you get it?” Steve asked nervously. Jonathan nodded. “And?”

“And?”

“What do you think?”

Jonathan turned to Steve and smiled. He put his hand onto Steve’s and slowly caressed his palm with his thumb. “It was amazing.” Steve couldn’t fight the urge to kiss Jonathan anymore, so he just turned around, grabbed his cheeks and kissed him.

The kiss was short, kind of awkward and clumsy, but they didn’t care. Once they pull away Jonathan was blushing really hard. Steve’s hands were still at Jonathan’s cheeks, but this time the one to start the kiss was Jonathan. He grabbed Steve by his shirt and pull him closer.

“I love you, Steve Harrington.”

“I love you too, Jonathan Byers.”

### **Author's Note:**

Thank you for reading this. I hope you liked it. Now, have a nice day.

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I made a playlist from the songs on the tape. <https://open.spotify.com/user/11159085752/playlist/3RviA03QhLOp9svIQZA2KK>